

Halloween: Reimagined

by The Threat

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Summary: Hollywood felt 'Halloween' should have been remade? I feel it should've looked a little more like this...

1. Chapter 1

Disclaimer: based on the screenplay written by John Carpenter and Debra Hill

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Haddonfield, Illinois, 1963:

It's Halloween night. At 35 Lampkin Lane, there's a kid in the kitchen, eating some of the candy he collected by trick-or-treating. As he was eating, he heard the doorbell. Somebody went to answer the door. It was the kid's elder sister. She opened the door, after which she laughed: "Glad you're here..."

He heard her smooching with him, even heard him say between two kisses: "Hey Judy!"

"My parents won't be back till ten." the girl, or Judy, said, "We've got the place all to ourselves!"

"Are you sure we're all alone?" he asked her.

She hummed something for saying yes, but then she remembered: "No... wait, there's still... Could you wait here for a moment?"

The guy sighed, but seemed to give in anyway, as Judy went into the kitchen to see her little brother.

The guy waited inside the doorstep. He saw Judy coming out of the kitchen again, along with a six-year-old kid. The guy looked at the

kid and said: "Hey kiddo! Had fun trick-or-treating?"

The kid turned his head to look at him. He didn't reply to what he said, nor did he laugh, or look annoyed even. Judy spoke for him: "He had a good time. He's just a little shy."

"Don't be!" the guy told the kid.

"Come on!" Judy urged the kid, "Time for bed!"

The kid was in his bedroom, sitting on his bed, still wearing his Halloween costume. He didn't feel much like sleeping, but even if he did, his sister was making too noise for anyone to sleep. He's even surprised to not have heard his two-year-old sister crying, which means she wasn't at all bothered with Judy doing whatever it is she's doing in her bedroom. He got out of his bed, put his mask back on, left his room and went back to the kitchen, up to a drawer, which he opened. He withdrew a large butcher knife, after which he heard someone running down the stairs.

"I'll call you tomorrow!" he called back to Judy, who was still up the stairs.

"Promise?" she asked him back.

"Yeah." he replied, as he finally ran by the plastic tombstone which read "Happy Halloween, which was found at the bottom of the stairs, and left the house. Judy then turned and stepped back into her bedroom.

The kid moved slowly up the stairs, into the bedroom door and peered around inside. The sister sat at her night-table brushing her hair, still being completely nude. Slowly, the kid moved into the room. Judy, suddenly sensed a presence, so she turned around. When she saw it was her little brother, she covered her breasts quickly, saying: "Jesus, can't you... what are doing here?"

The kid didn't answer her question. He waited for her to wrap a towel around her and to come closer to him herself. Judy, failing to notice the butcher knife that the kid held, came to him asking: "What's the matter? Can't you sl..."

She couldn't finish her sentence. The kid had made a move with his right arm, to quick for her to realize what just happened. She looked down her belly, only to see that her little brother had just shoved a butcher knife into it. The kid withdrew the knife, only so he could repeat the same move over and over again. Judy kept screaming, begging her brother to stop, but he wouldn't give in. The only result her screaming would have, was to wake up the two-year-old sister in the next room. As Judy started to lose all the energy to keep standing up, she unwillingly lowered herself. This way, she gave her little brother the chance to stab the knife right into her heart.

With her last breaths, she tried to say something to her brother, with an astonished disbelief: "... W... Why...?"

That's when she fell down. The kid turned to the door. He left the room, walked through the hallway, into the next room.

The young girl kept crying, for she sensed something was wrong, but didn't know what it was. Her bigger brother came inside her room. She hoped he would somehow comfort her, let her know that everything is alright, just like her parents, even her bigger sister, always did. Her brother, however, wished that she'd stop crying like that, so he raised his hand, pressed it against her face, hoping that this will somehow stop her from crying. She didn't, so he pressed harder. He even began shaking her head, hoping this will stop soon. Suddenly, he heard something snap. Whatever it was, he didn't know, but at least his younger sister stopped crying.

At ten o'clock, a car pulled into the driveway. A man and a woman, the kid's parents got out and headed to the front door.

"Why are all the lights off?" the woman wondered.

"Judith wouldn't be asleep already?!" the man laughed.

"As long as she remembered to put the kids in bed in time." the woman remarked.

The man opened the front door, after which he reached for something inside: "Where is that switch... Ah, found it!"

He turned the switch which lit up the room. Once the light was on, the woman screamed silly. The man didn't understand why she screamed, but when he turned his head to look into the house, he saw that which caused his wife to scream like that. At the bottom of the stairs, they found both of their daughters, motionless and covered with blood. At their heads stood the plastic tombstone which read "Happy Halloween". Next to the bodies stood the six-year-old kid, holding the butcher knife he used on his sister.

2. Chapter 2

Smith's Grove, Illinois, October 30th, fifteen years later:

Rain was pouring down on a lonely strip of highway. On this very road, a station wagon hissed along the wet road surface. The back seat of that wagon was separated from the front by a wire-mesh screen, much like a police car. It was an official car, which belonged to a sanitarium. A woman in her thirties, who was dressed in a white nurse's uniform, was driving the car, along with a tough-looking man in his forties, who sat next to her.

"What do you want me to give him?" the nurse asked the man.

"Thorazine." the man said, flatly.

"He'll barely be able to sit up." the nurse remarked.

"That's the idea." the man said, "You ever done this before?"

"Only minimum security." the nurse replied, "The only thing that ever bothers me is when they start raving on and on and..."

"You don't have anything to worry about." the man assured her, "He hasn't said a word in 15 years."

"Are there any special instructions?" the nurse asked him.

"Just try to understand what we're dealing with here!" the man answered, "Don't underestimate it!"

"Don't you think we should refer to 'it' as 'him'?" the nurse was a little surprised with what the man said.

"Suit yourself." the man said.

"What is it about this man that makes him so dangerous?" the nurse felt she was left in the dark about one too many things.

The man sighed, then began talking: "Fifteen years ago, I was told there was nothing left in him, no conscience, no reason, no understanding, in even the most rudimentary sense, of life or death or right or wrong. At first I thought they were overreacting a little, and that his actions were merely a deranged form of sibling rivalry. But then... when I met the boy..."

The man sighed again, then continued: "I met this six-year-old boy with a blank, cold emotionless face and the blackest of eyes. I spent eight years trying to reach him and another seven trying to keep him locked away when I realized what was living behind that boy's eyes was purely and simply...evil!"

"Don't you think you're overreacting yourself?" the nurse asked him.

"If you say so." the man said. Clearly he couldn't care less of how she felt about this.

Through the windshield, he saw a sign that read "SMITH'S GROVE - WARREN COUNTY SANITARIUM". Behind the sign was the sanitarium itself, a cold-looking building surrounded by a fence.

"The driveway's a few hundred yards up on your right." the man instructed her.

After a short while, the car drove up the driveway. Once it got closer to the building, both the man and the nurse suddenly stared out the windshield in front of them. Through the rain, on a field off to the side of the road, dimly lit by the car headlights were five patients, dressed in wind-blown white gowns, drenched by the rain, wandering aimlessly around the field.

"Since when do they let them wander around?" the nurse nearly broke in a laugh.

The nurse slowed the station wagon and pulled off to the side of the road. The man didn't seem to have any time to lose, as he jumped out the car and ran into the darkness. The nurse didn't particularly understand what he was fed up about, especially since the patients seem to be harmless. At the moment anyways. In any event, there's nothing she or the man could be worried about. She searched her pockets, looking for a cigarette and a lighter. That moment, she was distracted. She heard something fall on the rooftop, but didn't see where it came from. She peered around, but with the rain obscuring every sight through the window, plus the dark of the night, it was a

hard thing to do. She tried anyway. Suddenly, the window on her left clashed. And just as quickly, a hand had grabbed her by the throat. She tried to scream, but the hand's grip on her throat kept her from doing so. Knowing how the drugs, that most sanitariums feed their patients with, usually work on patients, she was surprised to feel how hard his grip was on her. This very thought that crossed her mind, despite the fact it was but for a split second, it was enough for her to be distracted again, as the hand pulled her out of the car. The nurse kicked, swung with her fists, hoping this would somehow stop him, but she realized only too late that her assailant was on the car's roof and not standing next to the car. The hand managed to pull her out, causing her face to fall on some of the glass shards that were left of the car's window. The nurse rolled herself up, felt her face there were she felt she was cut. She felt it were wet, but wasn't sure if was water from the rain, or blood. She sensed somebody jumped from the roof and onto the ground. But before she could turn around to look, someone had grabbed her by her hair. She screamed as the hand held tighter to her hair. She screamed and tried to hit that hand in order for it to let go. But to no avail. Before her very eyes, another hand appeared, holding a glass shard from the window. She screamed even louder, as the shard came closer to her throat. As it sliced her throat from one side to another, the scream grew fainter, and eventually stopped.

The man heard the scream. He spun around to look. The area was dimly lit, but he could clearly make out another patient in the same white robes as everyone else. He hoped that the patient wouldn't be whoever he thought it'd be. He ran back to the car as fast as he could. But all he could do was watch this patient get inside the station wagon, take off and disappear down the road into the darkness. He was too late!

He wasn't the only one who heard the scream. Somebody inside the building switched on the light outside. That's when the man saw the nurse, her neck red with blood, her dead eyes staring out into the darkness of the night.

Somebody got outside the building, demanding an explanation: "What the heck is going on here!?"

"He's gone!" the man cried, "The evil's gone!"

3. Chapter 3

Haddonfield, Illinois, Halloween:

Back at Lampkin Lane, a girl just left her house. She was a young, skinny, black-haired and blue-eyed, beautiful girl, about seventeen years old, and at the time on her way to the bus stop. From across the street, number 35, a guy left the house. He was of the same age as she was, same color of eyes, slightly taller than her, short brown hair.

The girl saw him, and called at him: "Hey, David!"

The guy, David, looked in her direction. Whatever thought he had on his mind that made him look depressed suddenly faded away. He crossed the street to meet with her, so he didn't need to call at her when he greeted back: "Hey, Becky."

Together, they walked to the bus stop. All the while, they kept talking.

"Something wrong?" Becky asked.

"Other than having to go to school?" David asked back, "You know my little brother, Dexter."

"Yes!? What about him?"

"He had done something at school which he shouldn't have, and as a punishment he... he can't go out trick-or-treating."

"Why does that bother you?" Becky couldn't seem to understand.

"It means that whatever plans I had for tonight can't go on because I have to babysit him."

"Sorry to hear that." Becky said, "What were you planning on doing then?"

"Just have some popcorn, watch that late-night show,... all without being bothered by my little brother."

Becky smiled: "So you didn't have any real plans, then."

"I just thought I could have on quite night, but I was wrong." David whined, "Were you planning anything?"

"No." Becky replied, "I don't really have a boyfriend to be with, like everyone else."

"Your dad, the sheriff, probably would let a guy anywhere near you either." David remarked.

"Unless he's a ten-year-old boy."

David looked at her surprised, after which Becky explained, "I have to babysit too."

David sighed: "Some Halloween night this will be."

Becky shrugged: "Look at it from the bright side. At least we're both not having any fun tonight."

For the first time that morning, David really smiled. Somehow, his smile made her smile as well. She doesn't know why it is that this guy had this effect on her.

Back at Smith's Grove Sanitarium, the old man was walking fast to his car, while a somewhat younger man followed him.

"Now really..." the young man said, "... there's no way he could ever make it that far. Haddonfield is too far away, and he can't even drive..."

"He could drive very well last night!" the old man exclaimed, "Maybe somebody taught him that. Makes you wonder what else they taught him here!"

"Come on!" the young man reasoned, "You know better than I do how quiet he was. There's no possible way he could..."

"You never knew why he was committed, did you?!" the old man exclaimed, "You haven't seen what he did to that nurse either!"

"He may have just tried to scare her, and got her killed in the progress." the young man replied.

"So you believe someone that quiet can't kill no one, but can scare someone?!" the old man couldn't believe what he was hearing.

"If you would just listen..." the young man continued.

"I'm wasting my time here." the old man interrupted, as he opened the door to his beige BMW and got inside.

"Wait a minute!" the young man tried to stop him, "You can't just drive aw..."

"If you need me, contact the Haddonfield policemen!" the old man shouted as he drove away.

Somewhere between Smith's Grove and Haddonfield, the old man passed by a small town. He couldn't be sure, but he could swear he saw something in that town. He decided to leave the freeway and into that town. This way he got a closer look at what he saw. It was the official car that the patient had used the other night to escape. When he got out to take a closer look at the car, he found the white rags that the patients from the sanitarium wore, along with a man stripped of his clothes. He should have known, his patient wouldn't go to his hometown wearing or driving anything that gives away where he came from. This proved his theory, that over the years he had spent in the sanitarium had only made him worse than he already was.

Across the street, there was a pawn shop. The old man, believing that he had underestimated the evil, went inside to find a gun. Once he had found it, he put it inside his trenchcoat, payed the store clerk and left the shop. He opened one of the doors that lead to the back seat, to throw his coat there. That's when he realized he had forgotten where he had put his wallet. He searched his own pockets, then those of his trenchcoat, but didn't find it. Without looking at where he threw his coat back exactly, he shut the door, went back in the store, found his wallet, left just as quickly, ran back to his car and drove away.

Once he was a few miles out of town, he had calmed down a little. He now knew for sure he could take down this evil. He was so relaxed, he failed to notice that his trenchcoat was moving. Somebody had sneaked into the car and hid himself under the coat, while the old man was in the store looking for his wallet. It didn't matter, for the man who had sneaked in had found the recently purchased gun, raised it high enough for him to finally bash it into the old man's skull. This way, all control over the vehicle was lost, so it drove off the freeway and into the dirt. Once the car stopped moving, a man stepped out of the car. He opened the door to the driver's seat, unbelted the old man and dragged him out of his car. Though the old man was hit, he appeared to be still alive. Therefor the gun was used again to beat

him on the head, until his head was crushed like an eggshell. That's when the man got back into the beige BMW and drove away, leaving his dead doctor behind.

4. Chapter 4

At Haddonfield High, by the end of the school day, Becky had gathered at the school's entrance with her two best friends, discussing their plans for the night.

"So like what are you doing tonight?" the tallest of the three asked. She had bright blond hair, and a very limited vocabulary. She was called Brenda.

"I was thinking of hanging out with Ben." the third girl said. She had brown hair, was taller than Becky, and was named Amy.

"Only hanging out, Amy?" Brenda couldn't believe it.

"I was hoping we could do more," Amy whined, "But he doesn't seem to be comfortable to be anywhere every time we're about to do it."

"Why?" Brenda laughed, "He's not... you know... totally...?"

Amy smirked: "He's afraid we'll be caught."

"So what?" Brenda complained, "Why don't you just do it in a van? Like I totally do with Chris."

"Louder, Brenda." Becky said sarcastically, "All of Haddonfield must know about your sex life."

"It's true!" Brenda continued, "How you been together? And you two totally still haven't done it? What's up with that?"

"How about you, Becky?" Amy tried to change the subject.

Becky didn't know what to say: "What about me?"

"What are your plans?" Amy elaborated.

"I'm just babysitting. Nothing else."

Both Amy and Brenda seemed upset about this. Not that Becky seemed to care: "I need the money for college, so..."

"Come on, Becky!" Brenda exclaimed, "Who's babysitting on Halloween?"

"I am." Becky replied, "As is David."

"David?" Becky sounded interested, "You mean your neighbor from across the street?"

Becky didn't see where she was taking it: "...Yes!?"

"Well there you have it!" Brenda said to Amy.

"There I have what?" Amy didn't know what she was going on about.

"Well, since you two live across the street from each other..." Brenda explained, "... you can come to his house with your kid, so you can finally have your way with..."

"Hold on!" Becky interrupted, "I'm not gonna let you get in my house to do all that!"

Amy agreed: "Yeah, you're right. Even if you did, there's still your father the sheriff that Ben would be afraid of."

Becky put up an indignant face, but Brenda spoke before she could say a word: "Then why won't you let David come over to your house, so we can use his."

"Oh no!" Becky seemed to have a problem with this, "I can't let you do this to him!"

"Oh come on!" Brenda convinced Becky, "This is totally your chance with him too."

Becky stuttered: "Wh... What do you mean?"

"It's not like your feelings for David are such a big secret." Amy replied.

Becky didn't know what to say, so Brenda talked for her: "All you gotta do is ask him to come over with his kid, so we have the whole house totally to ourselves."

Becky still didn't feel right, but since she knew that whatever she'll say won't change their minds, she gave in anyway: "Fine."

Her two friends cheered.

Inside the building however, David is being followed by three guys. All three of them chanted: "He's coming to get you!"

Annoyed, David turned around: "What do you want?"

"Don't you know what happens on Halloween?" one of them, apparently the leader of the gang, asked.

"Do you?" David returned a question.

"The boogeyman is coming!" the shortest of the three replied.

David looked at them surprised: "Aren't you guys a little too old for this?"

"He doesn't believe us." the leader said.

"He thinks we're liars, Richie." the third guy said to the leader.

David has had enough of them: "Leave me alone already!"

He turned away from them, but couldn't go away before Richie had

pushed him to the floor.

"I'll get you for not believing us!" he said, "You sick fuck!"

The other three laughed at him as they laughed. All David could do was sigh. Their constant bullying may seem intimidating at first, but by now it has come to a point it's rather annoying than anything else.

5. Chapter 5

Later, David and Becky arrived back home at the same time. As usual, they started talking as they walked back to their homes.

"Hi, how was your day?" David asked.

"Rather boring." Becky replied, "Our English teacher kept raving on about some Samuels guy."

"We're being taught to think like someone other than ourselves." David remarked.

Becky laughed, after which she started: "Say, about tonight. How would you feel if you and your brother would come over to my house?"

"To your house? What for?"

"Oh nothing." Becky lied, "I... I just thought... this way your brother and that kid I have to babysit would have some fun together, leaving us the time to have our own fun."

David thought this over, then said: "Sounds tempting. Oh why not, I'd have a wider audience to scare this way."

Becky looked at him bewildered: "Audience to... scare?"

"I've had this scary story in my head for a while, thought I'd tell my brother tonight." he answered, "But now I can tell you and that kid too."

"Ooooooo... sounds scary!" Becky laughed.

"Well see." David reasoned, "Well, here we are."

Becky looked around. Because of their conversation, she hadn't noticed they made it back to their houses. All there was left for David to do was say 'goodbye', and return to his house. Becky waved back at him and went inside her house too.

When she got inside, she met up with her father, who was gearing up for the night.

"Hey dad!" she greeted him, "No free time tonight?"

"I'd wish." he laughed, "Halloween is the one time in the year even the kids commit crimes. Especially since..."

He paused, during which Becky asked: "Since what?"

The sheriff shook his head: "Never mind, sweetheart."

Suddenly the phone rang. The sheriff picked it up and said:
"Carpenter... Yeah... hm... How bad?... Happy Halloween, all right.
Be there in a sec."

He put down the phone and was about to leave the house. Before he left, and as he was putting on his hat, Becky was curious about something: "What's going on?"

"Dale's store just got robbed." the sheriff answered, "It ain't even night yet, and already things are happening."

"How bad is it?"

"A window got broken." he replied, "And for as far as Dale can see, only a mask was stolen."

"Hope it wasn't a scary one." Becky replied, "Wouldn't want to meet him in the streets."

The sheriff smiled: "Well, if you see anyone scary, there's a gun in the safe. Bye sweetheart."

"Bye." Becky said back to him as he left.

Becky turned her head around to the living room, where the safe was held in plain sight, in the corner of the wall where the T.V. could be found.

6. Chapter 6

By nightfall, a beige BMW drove into Lampkin Lane. It made to park onto the driveway that belonged to number 35. Trouble was that another car was parked in front of the driveway. Judging from the fact that the people it transported were still inside as the BMW got near, the car had only just parked there. A man in his late thirties got out, opened another door to let his ten-year-old daughter get out, then he guided her to a house across the street. There, he rang a bell, which a teenage girl opened, to let the younger girl in. The man, after saying some things to the teenage girl, then got back to his car, got in and drove off. Just as he had gone out of sight, a teenage guy along with a younger boy, likely his brother, got out of number 35 and to the house across. The man inside the BMW had his eyes fixed on both of them as they crossed the street. His grip on the steering wheel tightened at the sight of them, but he found a way to control his sudden burst of rage. They're not inside this house anymore now. They aren't in his home now! Once everyone was inside the house across, the man decided to park his car onto the driveway and got out.

David entered the house, as he said: "So... what've you got planned?"

Becky smiled, as she turned to both of the kids: "Wanna carve Jack'o-Lanterns?"

Both kids cheered when she suggested it, after which she exclaimed:

"Well then, what are you waiting for?! The kitchen's that way!"

The kids ran as fast as they could. Becky never knew how easy kids can be handled if you knew exactly what to do. She was about to make her way to the kitchen as well, when David stopped her to ask: "Didn't you say you were babysitting a boy, this morning?"

"No, I didn't." Becky explained, "I meant that my dad would allow a ten-year-old boy near me."

"You sure picked the right line to say when telling me you have to babysit too then." David laughed.

Becky didn't say anything. Instead she suddenly had her eyes fixed on something she saw outside.

Becky couldn't be sure, but she'd swear that she saw the shape of a man inside David's house. She blinked with her eyes, then looked again. That's when the Shape had disappeared. She must have been imagining things, she thought.

"So, why won't we supervise the kids!" she cheered.

David sighed: "Even if you die, you'd have that smile on your face, won't you."

"You know me!" Becky laughed.

An hour later, night had already fallen over Haddonfield. A van drove by and stopped in front of 35 Lampkin Lane.

The girl inside, who was Becky's friend Brenda, exclaimed to her boyfriend Chris: "Not in front of the house! Go around back!"

"I don't get it." Chris moaned, "First you can't wait 'till we get here, and now you want me to go somewhere else first? Why can't we just..."

"We just can't! Okay?" Brenda interrupted, "Now go around the back!"

Chris sighed. As he did so, he caught a reflection of himself. He was of the same age as Brenda, but somehow looked much older than her. He was blond too, except that his hair wasn't as bright as hers. When he looked at himself, he wondered if it were possible that people can look as stupid as they are. After that thought crossed his mind, he decided to do as Brenda told him.

7. Chapter 7

Chris and Brenda got into the house through the back door, which lead into the kitchen. Once inside, however, Brenda returned to being bossy: "So... where shall we sleep?"

"I dunno!" Chris exclaimed, "I don't know this house!"

Brenda got angry at his tone: "You don't have to shout like that! You're always so totally rude to me!"

Chris didn't know what to do or what to say. So he sighed instead.

"I'll look for a room then. You go and find me some beer!"

Immediately after she said that, she went up the stairs, leaving Chris alone. Just as he was about to look for some beer, she shouted something to him: "And don't forget to not turn on any lights!"

Chris walked over the ground floor, looking in the dark for a fridge. He was reluctant about this, especially since his girlfriend is that bossy. He began wondering why he's still with her. As he marched to the fridge, and opened it to look for beer, he mumbled to himself: "Oh, she's such a cutie, you've gotta do her! They said. She looks cute until you know her. I can't even break up with her without her permission. Where's the sense in that? It would be so much easier if she suddenly died!"

He found a can of beer. He took it out of the fridge and closed the door. Behind that door stood the shape of a man, dressed in dark overalls and wearing a chalk-white mask. He grabbed Chris by his throat with his left hand, as he raised a large butcher knife which he held in his right hand.

Outside the house, three guys had sneaked by. It were the same three who were taunting David earlier. The three of them were whispered things to each other, hoping that nobody will hear them. One of them, their leader, urged the one with glasses to do something.

"You get in there, scare the crap out of that guy, so we can get fucking even."

"Why don't you do it, Richie?" the one with glasses whined.

"What's the matter, Lonnie?" the leader, Richie, started, "You chicken!?"

Both he and the third guy started imitating the moves and the sound of a chicken. The guy with glasses, or Lonnie, had a change of heart: "All right, I'll do it. But... how am I supposed to do that?"

"Here you go." the third guy said, as he gave him a bag, "This'll help!"

Lonnie took the bag, after which he sneaked into the house.

Once he was out of sight, Richie to the third guy: "What the fuck did you just do?"

"I helped him." he replied.

"If he can't take care of himself, he shouldn't be part of our group!" Richie exclaimed.

"But if we must take care of ourselves, why do you need us to..."

"Well then, Keith, if you don't want to be my friend anymore you can

fucking go then!" Richie stated.

The third guy, or Keith, decided to shut up then.

Lonnie opened up the back door. As he was doing so, he noticed there was something keeping it from opening widely.

"Stupid old house with old doors." he cursed to himself.

At least for as far as the door allowed itself to be opened, it was wide enough for him to get inside. He went inside, looking for the kitchen table. Without looking behind him, he closed the door after him. This way, he didn't see what it was that kept the door from opening properly. A dead body was hung there, kept against the door with the help of a knife alone. Had Lonnie seen this, he'd have turned around and left the house. But he didn't. The bag which Keith had given him earlier, he put it down on the kitchen table. He started rummaging inside, about to take out whatever help Keith gave him. But before he could see anything at all, something held itself to his throat, as well as his forehead. Who or whatever it was, it was behind Lonnie, so he couldn't see anything. In front of him, however, there was a cupboard with glass windows. In the reflection of these windows, he saw the Shape. The same Shape that knifed Chris to the back door. He held his one hand onto Lonnie's throat. By the looks of it, he wasn't about to let go, and by the feel of it he squeezed harder every second. Lonnie tried to call for help, but the Shape had hold onto his vocal cords. He couldn't make any sound that could warn anyone. Suddenly, the Shape made one swift move with his left hand, causing Lonnie's neck to snap.

"Hey!" Brenda's voice sounded throughout the house. It wasn't loud enough for people to hear outside, but enough for the Shape to make out what she was saying: "Where's my beer?!"

The Shape, much like Chris did, had enough of her giving around orders, especially in his own house. He dropped Lonnie's corpse and looked through the bag he had with him. At first glance, it seemed to hold a white sheet only.

Brenda, who had already lost all her patience, was lying down in bed, not yet undressed for she expected that her guy would do it for her. Suddenly the door opened.

Brenda sighed: "Finally! About time you..."

She stopped once the door had opened widely. She saw a man, covered with a white sheet, which had two holes for the eyes. Brenda didn't know what she was seeing. At first she tried not to laugh, but the sight of this was too much for her, so she laughed out loud anyway.

"Nice!" she complimented him, "Now how about that beer?"

The "ghost" did not answer her, so she asked again: "I said where's my beer!?"

He still didn't say anything. That's when Brenda had lost it:
"Alright, you totally fucked up bastard!"

She got out of bed and ran to the ghost. She was about to smack him

on the head and insult him even more. She never got the chance to do anything. The ghost took off his sheet and covered Brenda's head with it. This way, she didn't see it was really the Shape whom she was talking to.

"Chris! What are you doing..." she started, but the Shape had covered her head with the sheet in such a way, it began to suffocate her. With every fading breath of hers, she tried to cry apologies to "Chris", but since the Shape wasn't who she thought he was, he didn't respond to any of her words. Brenda, once she realized her words can't save her, decided to not say anything anymore. That's when she gave in, and died.

8. Chapter 8

Meanwhile, in Becky's house, the kids had carved a jack'o-lantern. This lantern was put in the middle of the living room, and everyone in the house had gathered in a circle around it.

"All right..." David started, "Shall I tell you people a scary story!?"

"Oooo..." Becky tried to get into the mood, "What about?"

"I don't like scary stories." the little girl moaned.

Dexter, David's younger brother, laughed: "You're gonna have nightmare!"

"Dexter!" David kept him from going any further, "You'd better be careful you wouldn't have any yourself."

Becky tried to get the story going: "So what's it about?"

David paused, deliberately to bring up the tension, then started: "A long time ago, too long for even you and me to remember..."

He referred to Becky and himself when he said that, and continued by referring to the kids: "And too long for either of you to be born. Once there was a six year old kid..."

"A kid?" Dexter sounded disappointed, "Can't you come up with anything better?"

"Should I lie to you then?" David replied, to which Dexter didn't seem to understand, "This wasn't your ordinary kid... he had two sisters, one older and one younger. People outside this family talked about them... a daughter that was about to go to Harvard, and another that was a cute little baby... but how about this boy? Who was he? Does he even exist? His sisters were getting all the attention, and he... got neglected. One day..."

He took a long pause, to see if anyone was starting to feel scared. Then he continued: "... He picked up a knife, went to his sister's bedroom... and he..."

He noticed how the kids had started to look scared. He smacked his hands together, which caused both of them to scream, then he continued: "... He stabbed her to death..."

The girl laughed at Dexter: "You screamed like a girl!"

"Did not!" Dexter denied.

"Oh come on!" Becky interrupted, "You both screamed."

"And you'll scream even more, I'm afraid." David added.

Both kids looked terrified, as David continued: "After he had stabbed his older sister to death, he went to the next room, where his baby sister was sleeping."

"He didn't...?" the little girl started to sound really scared, "He didn't stab her... too?"

"No." David said, after which he allowed the girl to sigh of relief, "He had put his hand on her face..."

He clicked his fingers before he finished his sentence, "... and snapped her little neck."

Both of the kids gulped before David continued: "You can understand, that this didn't go unnoticed by his parents."

"What did they do?" Dexter asked him.

"The kid got institutionalized." David answered, "And has been there ever since. The parents, however, couldn't live with the idea of having a son in a nuthouse, for killing his sisters."

"So what happened to them." Becky asked, in a whispered voice, to keep the atmosphere as it is.

"Nobody knows that." David replied, "Some say they left town, others say they killed themselves. That or they were killed on one of their visits to their son. In either case, the house remained empty. Nobody wanted to live there because of what happened... save for some outsiders, who were kept in the dark about what happened in that house. However, these murders had their effects on the locals."

"What kind of effects?" the little girl asked him.

"All the other kids, whom the parents told there is no boogeyman, they were proven right... there is a boogeyman, and it's that kid..."

Dexter seemed to have turned white. Becky was the first, and only, to notice: "What's wrong?"

"At school..." Dexter began, "E... all the kids say things... they say... the boogeyman will come for me... tonight..."

"Funny." David laughed, "Coz that's what everyone at school keeps telling me every year as well."

"But..." Dexter couldn't understand, "... why do they say that?"

"You really don't know?" David questioned, "It is a common belief among the kids that that kid is the boogeyman. And of all people, he'd decide to pick us as his next victims. Why would he do that?"

Dexter thought about it for a moment, but didn't know the answer.

"Because we are those outsiders I mentioned." David finished.

Dexter gulped: "You mean..."

"Oh yes." David had put an evil grin on his face, "Those murders... happened in our house!"

Dexter kept shaking, turning whiter every second. Suddenly, however, he began turning red, and shouted: "You're telling a lie!"

He got up and headed to the front door. David got up to stop him: "Where do you think you're going?!"

"Home!" Dexter shouted, "Go away! I hate you!"

"Dexter, please!" Becky tried to intervene, "It was just a story! He didn't mean what he said!"

After he seemed to have cooled off a little, he asked quietly: "Is that true?"

"Yes it is." Becky answered for David.

As Dexter was cooling off, he turned back to the living room. That's when David decided to say: "So, there'll be some horror films on, tonight. Anyone care to watch?"

"No, I'm too scared now." the girl said.

"And I don't feel like it." Dexter replied.

"Hey, you wanna play some games?" the girl suggested.

"I don't wanna play girl-games!"

"It's not because I play them that they're for girls!"

"Easy now!" Becky interrupted, "Why won't go ahead? You may like it."

Dexter sighed, then decided to go with it: "All right then."

They both went upstairs. Becky in the meantime had approached David a little closer.

"That went well." David said, although he sounded more serious than usual.

"It was just a story what you told them?" Becky asked.

"I'd wish. When I first heard it, I reacted just like he did. I couldn't believe it. But then again, it would explain why some of the

creeps at school are being... creeps."

9. Chapter 9

Across the street, Richie and Keith were getting impatient. Lonnie should have returned long ago, but he didn't.

"What's taking him so long?" Richie wondered, "That sick fuck didn't kill him, did he?!"

"How should I know?" Keith asked.

"That's it!" Richie had enough of this, "You go inside and look for him!"

"Me?" Keith couldn't understand, "What about you?"

"What's the matter?" a smile crept upon Richie's face, "You chicken? Just like..."

"Alright, already!" Keith had enough of hearing him talk, "I'll go."

Keith entered through the back door, just like Lonnie did earlier. The floor for some reason felt wet, but he didn't care about that. He sneaked inside, through the kitchen, into the hallway. Suddenly, the back door opened. In the dark, he tried to look for a place to hide. He heard voices talk:

"Ooo... the floor's wet." a girl spoke.

"Probably a leak somewhere." a guy spoke, "What's wrong with this door?"

"Never mind the door!" the girl giggled, "Let's go upstairs!"

Keith couldn't see their faces clearly, but both of them appeared drunk. This couldn't be David with some girl or other, could it? He followed the two of them. They went inside a room and shut the door, or so they thought. As Keith made it to that door, it wasn't entirely shut, so he could still look inside. The guy and the girl, whom Keith recognized as Amy, had started to tear each other's clothes off, completely oblivious to the fact their door was still half open. Keith, in turn, could only see Amy's face because of the pale moonlight from outside, but he was sure of who he saw. It was that moonlight which shone upon something else as well. Under the bed, there was a body. Keith knew that for sure, because an arm was stretched out and sticking out from underneath the bed. No matter what sounds the two lovers were making, no matter what they were doing once they mounted onto the bed, the arm didn't budge. What else could it be but a dead body. Once Keith came to that realization, he took a few steps backwards. On his way, he bumped into something. The surprise made him wanting to scream, but a left hand had grabbed hold of his mouth, preventing him to make any sound. Shortly after it got him, a knife made it's way to Keith's throat and sliced it open.

The two lovers may have heard a thud, but they were either too busy or too drunk to take notice of it. Once they were done, the girl, who was indeed Amy, got up. She put on her boyfriend's shirt, after which

she left the room. On the way, she bumped into Keith's body.

"Stupid bulge in the carpet." she muttered to herself, as she went on.

Her boyfriend, in the meantime, tried to get up too. As he tried though, he fell from the bed onto the floor. Specifically, he fell on the arm that stucked out from under the bed. He felt it, but experienced it as merely peculiar, until he at last got up and saw the body for himself. Suddenly sobered up, he took a few steps back. Suddenly, in the doorway stood the Shape. Instinctively, he threw a night-light at the Shape. It shattered as it hit him, but that didn't get him to go back. Instead, the Shape grabbed a piece of the night-light, then he started towards his next victim. He shoved the piece deep into the victim's stomach, killing him somewhat slowly, but surely.

Unaware of what her boyfriend is going through, Amy went back to their car, which was parked at the back of the house. She opened a door, got inside, looked for another bottle of beer, which she opened and started drinking of it. She got out of the car and got back inside the house. She went up the stairs, surprised to see the Shape. Thinking it's really her boyfriend, she laughed at the sight of him.

"What are you dressed up like that for?"

The Shape did not answer. Instead, he approached her, his arms stretched out.

"Come on, Ben!" Amy remained ignorant about who she's really talking to, "Why won't you say anything?"

Once he was close enough, she realized that the Shape was too tall to be her boyfriend. But before she could express her thoughts into words, he had already pushed her off the stairs. Once she hit the bottom, she was in too much pain, or too tranquilized by the beer, to try to get up. The bottle she held, on the other hand, broke in her fall. The Shape had noticed as much. He picked up two pieces, which he used to pierce through either side of Amy's forehead, causing certain death.

Outside, Richie had noticed Amy getting out of the car with a bottle of beer. Once she had disappeared from his sight, he decided to sneak into the car looking for some beer for himself. He got inside, but had a hard time finding the beer.

"Why did she have to hide the rest?" Richie whined.

The fact that he was trying to look for beer, was in fact the answer to his own question: to hide it from thieves. It didn't matter, for after a little search, he had found what he was looking for. Before he could open up the bottle, however, a hand had smashed though the car's window, and immediately grabbed hold of Richie's throat. Richie wasn't at all sure of what was going on, except that the hand that grabbed him was strong, and seemed to be getting stronger every second, for it tightened it's grip on him. Every breath of his couldn't make his way into his lungs. It was slow way to die, but the Shape had all the time in the world. He waited patiently for Richie to stop struggling, and for his pulse to stop pulsing. Once the life

was out of him, he let go of Richie. What he didn't anticipate however was that his lifeless body would fall onto the car's steering wheel, causing him to press the button that would cause the alarming sound of a trumpet. Bearing in mind that he doesn't want to draw any attention to himself, the Shape takes the dead body away from the wheel.

10. Chapter 10

The sound of a honking horn, though briefly, never goes unnoticed. David, who was in the living room, heard it. Out of curiosity, he looked outside the window. Since the car was at the back of his house, he didn't see what caused the sound, but he did notice the beige BMW.

"That's weird." he said out loud.

"What is?" Becky asked him.

"There's a car parked in our driveway. But it's not parents'.

Becky gasped. She could only think of two people whose car could have been parked there. Before she could say anything else, David already made to leave: "I'd better check this out."

"No don't!" Becky stopped him.

David didn't understand: "... Why? What's the... is there something you know that I don't?"

Given the tone to which he said this, Becky hesitated to speak. But at long last, after a seemingly long pause, she decided to come clean: "I... I told... I told my friends we were babysitting... together... and they..."

"They... what?" David wasn't sure what to make out of this.

"So..." Becky continued, "... they knew the house was gonna be empty and... they thought they could..."

David didn't know what he was hearing: "WHAT!!!"

Becky didn't say anything, not that she could if she wanted to, for David kept raving on: "I don't believe this! You invited me into your house, so your friends could use our house for themselves!? What were you thinking?!"

"What's going on?" Dexter had heard his elder brother shout, so he came down to ask what's going on.

"Yes, why won't you tell them what's going on?" David asked with an undertone to Becky.

"I... There's somebody in your house." she answered.

"There is!?" Dexter, too, couldn't believe it. He immediately ran to the window to see for himself.

"You haven't told him the best part." David reminded her.

Becky hesitated, but then realized she shouldn't hide any more: "Some friends of mine are using your house to have fun."

"You only invited us here, just so they could enter our house unnoticed!" David added.

"Oh stop it!" Becky bit back, "I didn't want to invite you here, because I didn't want to lie to you. I didn't want any of this to ha..."

"Then why did you go with it anyway?" David asked her, nearly threatening.

"And some nerve they've got to drive here in a BMW!" Dexter pointed out.

David sighed: "That's hardly the point here, Pointdexter!"

"Wait!" Becky interrupted, "A BMW?"

Becky looked through the window herself. When she saw the car, she said: "I don't know anyone who drives with that car."

"Even worse!" David exclaimed, "When people hear there's a party of some kind going on, they all come. I'm gonna put an end to that."

David started towards the door.

As he was doing so, Becky remembered something. Earlier, she saw something that looked like the shape of a man. At first she thought her mind was playing tricks with her, but now with this unknown car being here, she realized something else.

"Wait!" she stopped David from going outside, "What if it's a burglar or something?"

"All the more reason for me to go inside." David replied flatly.

As he made it to the door and was about to leave outside, he turned back to Becky and warned her: "This discussion is not over!"

He got out and ran to his house. Becky, meanwhile, felt all sorts of feelings go through her. At the same time, she knew that if there were a burglar in that house, David would be powerless against him by himself. She turned to the corner of the living room where the safe stood. She ran towards it, used the right combination to open it, and found the gun. It was a .2 gun, which she checked for bullets first, after which she took the gun out, closed the safe and headed for the door as well.

"What are you going to do?" Dexter wondered.

"Stay in this house!" she told him.

"But what if..."

"Stay in the house!" she repeated, "Do not leave it under any circumstances!"

Dexter went quiet and stopped following her. This way, she could leave the house without any hesitation.

11. Chapter 11

Becky marched towards the house. Outside it looked very quiet, as well as dark. It almost seemed unlikely that anyone would be inside doing who-knows-what. She didn't care. She opened the door and got inside. Once she got in, her impression from the outside only got confirmed inside. She didn't hear anybody. She thought that if David would be getting angry with anyone, or if he'd meet with the burglar, he'd at least make some kind of a sound, but he didn't. She made a quick look around this floor, but saw nobody. So if anybody is here, they would be upstairs. Quietly, she went up the stairs. Other than the cracking of the floor beneath her, she didn't hear anything else. When she reached the top of the stairs though, she stepped onto something. She couldn't be sure of what it was, but knew that this couldn't be normal. It felt wet, that's all she knew for sure. She bend down to take a better look at what it was. In the dark, she couldn't see what it was. All she knew for sure was that it felt warm somehow, but it didn't feel like water. She had some bit of the substance on her fingers. The only light there was in the hall was whatever light came from outside through the window at the end of the hall. In that light, she saw that the substance was red. Blood! She was about to scream, but the shock kept her from doing so. Suddenly, from one of the bedrooms, something smashed it's way through the closed door. This sudden shock caused her to unleash her scream. She only had a few seconds to register that it was David who got thrown through the door, the latter of which got shattered into bits, and the first one to be hit against the wall behind him, bleeding from his forehead. Becky did not know what to do, nor did she have any time to think of anything, from out of the shattered door came the cause of this sudden destruction, as well for the body she found. It was a tall dark man, in dark overalls, wearing a chalk-white mask, almost like a phantom. It was that same Shape of a man she had spotted earlier, but she thought to be her imagination. She couldn't have been more wrong. The Shape turned his head to look at her. He breathed heavily in his mask, causing it to sound much louder than it really was. The best thing Becky could think of doing was raising her gun and shoot. She did, but forgot the safety. She's the sheriff's daughter and she makes such a mistake. This mistake got the Shape to move close enough to smack the gun out of her hands and to attack her with his knife. Luckily for her, she had enough space behind her to dodge the Shape's attacks, turn around and run down the stairs. She took two to three steps at once in order to get down faster. This way, she miscalculated her last step and tripped. She was down, but did not get hurt badly. Unfortunately for her, it gave the Shape a chance to catch up with her. She tried to open the door, but just then, the Shape stuck his knife into the very edge of the door. The shock alone was enough for her to stop trying to open the door. She ran from the Shape, before he could at all put a finger on her. She found her way to the kitchen, where she could find the back door. When she made it however, there was dead body hanging on the door. The sight of t was enough to paralyze her for a few seconds, which was enough for the Shape to wrap his left arm around her neck. In this position, he tried to literally squeeze the life out of her. As he was squeezing, Becky reached out for something. She felt the block with should contain knives, but for some reason there weren't any

there. It didn't matter, for she grabbed the block and smashed it into the Shape's face. It didn't take him down, but it did disorient him for a moment. And that moment was all that Becky needed. She got loose from the Shape's grip, grabbed a chair and hit him with it. She didn't stop doing so, until he was down at last.

Once he was down, Becky panted for a moment, trying to find her breath again. First thing she should do was get some help. She ran to the phone, picked up the horn, but she didn't hear anything. When she looked at the wire that should have it connected, and noticed it was cut. The phone was rendered useless. Then she must go out and scream for help. She ran the front door and opened it. Or rather, she tried to open it. But it appeared as though the knife which the Shape had jammed into the door somehow got it stuck. She tried to pull the knife out, but her strength alone is not enough to do this. She thought of going out through the window, but when she went to one window, she noticed that they were nailed shut. Likely, this was the case with all the other windows as well. In other words, there was only one way out: through the back door, which was decorated with the dead body. As she was moving towards the kitchen, the Shape had already lifted up his upper body. He was ready for another attack. Becky screamed. The only way out of the house was guarded, so she had no other option but to run up the stairs.

Once she was upstairs, she had only a few seconds to figure out what to do. Other than the smashed door, all the other doors were open. She figured she'd be safer when she'd close one door and hide in the room with the destroyed door. It may not be safe, but a room where the door's shut would be the first place where a killer would look. The best idea she had was to go into that particular room and hide herself in the closet. Once inside, she found a belt, which she used to keep the closet shut from the inside.

What Becky didn't know, was that the Shape didn't at all chase her. Instead, he had monitored the sound that the floor above him made from all of her footsteps. This way, he knew exactly where she was hiding, and when he looked at the cupboard under the stairs, he realized he may find the perfect weapon to use in there.

12. Chapter 12

The seconds that Becky spend hiding in the closet felt like hours. She could swear that if the Shape won't do anything, she would really go crazy. Suddenly, she heard a thud, coming from beneath her. She didn't know what it was, or rather what may have caused it. What she did know is that it wouldn't end there. Another thud came. And another, after another, after another. Until the cause of the thuds sprang out of the floor between her feet. She screamed at the sight of an ax sticking out of the floor. The ax went away, only to come back again, deeper through the floor than earlier. As this was going on, Becky tried to untie the belt that kept the closet closed. But the ax went through the floor much deeper, to the point where the Shape didn't need the ax anymore and started to grope for her. Trying to untie the belt took too long, so Becky had no other choice. She punched her way through the closet's doors, at the same time trying to kick the Shape's hands away. She had punched a hole in the closet's doors, but with the Shape grabbing hold of her legs, it wasn't easy for her to get out. The Shape had let go of one of her legs, as he was trying to reach for his ax. That's when Becky saw her

chance to kick him in the face. This came as a surprise to the Shape, and he had let go of her.

Becky crawled out of the closet and ran to the stairs. Hopefully, by the time the Shape finds all his strength again, she would have left the house already. One problem however, was the fact that she forgot that there was blood on the floor, somewhere close to the stairs. As she was running, she slipped over the blood and fell on the stairs. The fall didn't stop there, though. She kept rolling down, causing her to feel more pain and to get hurt at several more places. Earlier, when she fell, she could still get up. But this fall was nastier. She got hurt on several places, including ones she didn't know where she could feel pain. She tried to get up, but to no avail. She tried screaming for help, but the pain was too much to bear. That's when the Shape stood over her. She could only just lift her head enough to see him grab the knife, with which he had blocked the door, and take it out without a problem. Now that door can be opened, but at this moment it won't help Becky any more. She saw how the Shape raised the knife. She shut her eyes, realizing that resistance is futile, and at the same time silently hoping that whatever that man is about to do, he'll do it quickly.

A thunderous force sounded throughout the whole house, somehow causing the Shape to back away. Becky opened her eyes. She could see how the Shape was surprised with what just happened. She turned her head to the top of the stairs. Someone was standing there, though in the dark she couldn't be sure who it was. Neither could the Shape, but he didn't care one bit. He raised his knife again, provocatively. The man on top of the stairs shot again, and again, and again. The Shape was starting to back off, but was still standing. The man shot one more time, and the Shape fell down. Whoever was shooting, climbed down the stairs slowly. Becky wasn't sure of what to do. She turned her head to the Shape. That's when he rose up again. Before Becky could let out a scream, another shot was fired. This time, it was in the head. Becky could only just see the black hole it made in his mask. The shooter dropped the gun and ran to Becky.

"You alright?" he whispered, as he tried to help her up.

Becky immediately recognized him: "David... you..."

"Don't think this changes what you did." David interrupted her, "I only helped because I thought it..."

Before he could say another word, she had already grabbed his shirt, pulled him closer to her and kissed him passionately on his lips. Once she was done, David was a little disoriented.

"Wh... what... why...?"

"I thought I... was dying here..." she replied, "... and be... before you don't... wanna see me... again... I thought you... you should know."

David didn't know what to do or what to say now. That's when he realized something else: "You need an ambulance."

He put her down gently and ran to the phone.

"It won't work." Becky warned him, "He cut the wire."

David picked up the horn, only to find out she was right, the phone didn't make a sound. He dropped the phone, as he ran to the door.

He got outside, where quite a few people had left their houses. They must have all heard the screams and the shots.

"What's going on here?" the nearest neighbor asked, "I heard some..."

"Call the police!" David shouted to him, "And an ambulance!"

"Is this some Halloween joke?" the man moaned, "I've been trick-or-treated to death tonight."

David looked at the neighbor indignantly: "You don't know what death is!"

13. Chapter 13

An ambulance was called, and with it the police arrived as well. Many pieces of evidence were found, bodies were collected, and the wounded were taken care of. The sheriff, who was after all Becky's father, was mostly concerned over her. Once she was being transported onto the ambulance, he wanted to see her.

"Rebecca! You all right?"

Becky, who had already closed her eyes at the time, opened them slightly to look at her father: "I'm... I'm okay, daddy."

The fact that she spoke this quietly made the sheriff only more angry, but he managed to keep his anger under control: "Don't worry. I'll find whoever's responsible for this, and he won't get away with it!"

Becky smiled weakly, when one of the nurses came between them: "I'm sorry sir, but she has to go now."

David, who had his head wound patched up, came to the ambulance that was about to go away with Becky: "Can I ride along?"

"Where do you think you're going?" the sheriff stopped him.

"I think she can do with some company."

"She has the paramedics!" the sheriff exclaimed.

"What do you have against me? I saved your d..."

"How do I know you're not part of this?" the sheriff couldn't be convinced otherwise, "Everyone is either dead or severely wounded, but you have nothing on you but a scratch on your head. You think I can't..."

"Daddy." Becky interrupted, "It's okay."

The sheriff needed some time to think about it, then he decided: "All right. But if you so much as lay..."

"I got it." David moaned, as he got into the ambulance.

After he got in, the paramedics closed the doors and were about ready to leave. As they were doing so, David could see other paramedics transporting somebody else too. Whoever it was, he or she wasn't transported in a body bag. This means that one of the victims has survived. But who?

Both ambulances arrived at the hospital, and both victims were quickly transported inside. David, despite of what the paramedics told him, couldn't at all leave Becky's side.

"Young man. We must insist on you leaving her alone."

David had a hard time of doing as he was told, but he did it anyway. Still, there was one question burning in his mind: "What's gonna happen to her?"

"There's no way for me to give a full detailed description of what she's got, other than broken bones."

David looked alarmed, but the medic added: "We'll have to put her to sleep, so that she won't make things any worse. She won't say or do anything for a couple of hours."

"Her father would love to hear that." David said, sarcastically.

"We'll do the best we can..." the medic continued.

"Doctor! We need your help here!" another one shouted.

"But we have other things to attend to as well."

He left with this, leaving David without anything to help him feel any better.

Suddenly, somebody shook him up: "Alright! David, wasn't it?!"

It was the sheriff, who had caught up with him: "I need to ask you a few questions."

David sighed, but he went with the sheriff anyway.

Meanwhile, the other victim was already in the operation room. Whatever it was that was wrong with this one, it was serious, live-threatening even. The medics were doing everything they could to help this poor victim. In order to get to the wounds, they had to take off some of the things this person was wearing. And since the most severe wound was in the head, they had to remove the chalk-white mask he was wearing.

While this was going on, the sheriff had interrogated David. When he was done, he asked: "Are you sure this is what happened?"

David nodded. That's when one of the deputies came to them.

"You found out who he was?" the sheriff asked the deputy.

"No sir." he replied, "He didn't have any I.D. on him, so we think he must be an escaped convict."

"In that case, search every prison, every nut-house, anything where somebody like that could've escaped!"

"Yes sir!" the deputy acknowledged the order and went away.

"O.K., you can go home now." the sheriff told David.

"Go home where? My house is a crime scene now."

"Yeah, well if what you're saying is true, then your brother is still in my house, so you'd better go to him." the sheriff replied.

14. Chapter 14

It took them a few hours, but in the end the operation was a success.

"I can't believe someone could survive such wounds." one of the operating nurses said.

"I've heard of a man who had a knife in his head once, much deeper than the bullet went into this one's." the surgeon replied, "It still surprises me to see how much the human body can endure."

What neither one of them seemed to notice, was the fact that their patient's right hand was twitching.

Suddenly, somebody knocked on the door. The surgeon sighed, but he turned away from his patient anyway, as he told his nurses: "You finish him up."

He left the room. There were four nurses all together in this room, who were about to do as they were told. One of them readied a syringe, while the other three were finishing with sewing the patient up. Once they were finished, they cleared way for the fourth nurse to give their patient his drugs. The other three had already turned away to clean up the room. This way, none of them noticed that when the nurse was about to inject the patient, he (the patient) grabbed hold of the nurse's arm, took the syringe out of his hand and shoved it into the nurses heart. As the nurse fell down, the patient lay still on his bed. The other three turned to look at their colleague.

"That's some moment to faint for you." one of the nurses laughed, as the other two laughed, agreeing with that nurse. They went to see the "fainted" nurse, only to realize he didn't faint at all. But by the time they had realized as much, the patient had already grabbed a scalpel, which lay on the table beside him, slashed the back of one of the nurses and cut open another one's artery. The last one wanted to run to warn the surgeon, but the patient threw his scalpel at the nurse.

Meanwhile, the surgeon was outside the room, discussing another patient. Behind him was the operating room, which appeared to be sound proof, as he didn't hear the nurses scream when they are being hacked and slashed.

"If we don't perform a surgery on her immediately, she won't be able to move by herself." the surgeon said.

"Yes." the person he was talking to agreed, "Unfortunately, you're our only available doctor."

The surgeon sighed, when suddenly there was a thud on the door behind him, which lead to the operation room.

"What the...?" the surgeon said, as he went back to the room, accompanied by the man he was talking to. He opened the door, both of them being aghast at what state the room was in. Neither one of them had the time to sound any kind of alarm, as somebody smashed a chair into the face of the other guy, and used a syringe to inject air into the surgeon's arteries. As the surgeon fell down, the other guy was trying to get up, but the patient stepped his heavy foot on his head and crushed him. Once that guy is dead, the patient closed his jumpsuit, which they had to open up to reach for the bullets that caught him. Then he turned to the table where they had put down his mask, which he put back on his face. The Shape is back!

Back at the sheriff's house, where David and his family had stayed for so long as the police is still investigating the house, Everything seemed quiet. David's parents had returned, only to be shocked about the most recent events. Needless to say that the press had smelled a good story, which means that all of the media had started sprawling over the street. It was during this confusion that David decided he couldn't stay in the house much longer. That's when he saw his chance to sneak out of the house.

At the hospital, the Shape had started running through the hospital's hallways, holding another scalpel in his hand. He passed by many rooms, one door at the time, not caring much about who else is in the rooms, or why they are here. One door he passed in particular did catch his interest, though. He took a few steps back, to look through the window in the door. It was dark, but he could clearly make out who was lying. He recognized that girl who had entered his house earlier. He tried to kill her, but he was stopped that time. But not this time...

Meanwhile, the sheriff got nervous of waiting. He took a cigarette out of his pack, lit it up with his lighter, which he put back into his vest-pocket, and started smoking.

"Sir!" the deputy had returned, "I got what you asked for."

"What did you find?" the sheriff asked.

"You're not gonna believe this." the deputy warned him, "The only one who reported an escapee is a sanitarium in Smith's Grove."

The sheriff didn't see where he was taking it: "So?"

The deputy didn't dare to reply himself: "Just read the name."

He gave the sheriff his notes. The sheriff looked at it and read the name. His eyes widened as he read it.

"Are... are you... are you saying that that maniac is that little

kid?! Who killed his sisters fifteen years ago?!"

"You mean..."

Before the deputy could even begin to mention the name, everybody heard a scream. The sheriff didn't think twice. He dropped the deputy's notes as he exclaimed: "Get everyone outta here!"

The deputy did as he was told, although it wasn't easy since the scream attracted more curious people than it scared them away. Nevertheless, the sheriff ran towards the scream, hoping he won't arrive too late.

15. Chapter 15

The Shape stood over Becky, about ready to stab the scalpel into her. Becky screamed all she could, but even if she were in any condition to do anything, she wouldn't be able to stop him. Again, like last time, a shot sounded through the room, which caused the Shape to fall down.

What neither knew, was that the sound of the shot got everyone who was still in the building alarmed, and very eager to leave the hospital. It didn't take long before there was a bottleneck line at the exit.

The Shape was down, allowing the sheriff to come closer to his daughter.

"You alright?" he asked, "He didn't hurt you?"

"... Daddy..." Becky breathed, stretching out her arms, which was pretty much the only thing she could do.

Her father understood the gesture. But as he was about to give his daughter a hug, the Shape had already recovered his strength and got up. The sheriff grabbed Becky and dragged her out of the room. He wanted to go to the exit, but given the crowd over there, he realized that way is out of the question. So he turned the other way around. The Shape, meanwhile, wasn't planning to let anything get in his way, as he followed the other two, wherever they go.

Father and daughter made it to the end of the hall, where there was only one door, and hopefully their way out. Once they got through the door however, they realized too late that they reached the end of the line. The door led them inside a windowless storage room, where they kept large tanks of some kind of gas. Whatever it was, the two had other fish to fry, as the Shape followed them into the room. The sheriff put Becky aside, hoping to keep her out of the line of fire. The Shape, knowing that the sheriff would do anything to protect this girl, decided that he should kill this man first before keeping himself busy with the her. The sheriff shot once, but the Shape was close enough to smack the gun away as it fired, and allowed his scalpel to penetrate into the sheriff's belly. This got him lose grip on his gun, as well as everything else. The Shape threw the sheriff away as if he were some kind of rag-doll, after which he focused himself on Becky, who had already tried to crawl out of the room.

Meanwhile, somebody went to the hospital, where there was an entire mass trying to get out through the front door. He then decided to try the next open window he could find. When he did, he crawled into the building, making it into the lobby. He moved himself to the counter, where he stepped on something. He looked down to see what he stepped on. It turned out to be somebody's notebook. He picked it up and read it. He got slightly shocked about it's contents, but not nearly as shocked when he heard a shot. Hesitating then no longer, he ran to where the shot came from.

The sheriff, who was still conscious enough to see what's happening, noticed that his shot had hit one of the tanks, which was now leaking. He decided to open the nearby tanks as well. If shooting this maniac doesn't help, let's see what would happen if he blew up. But then he realized a problem: that the one he's trying to protect may not survive this. Whatever Becky tried to do to get herself out of the room, she wasn't fast enough to do so. This gave the Shape enough time to stand over her and try to kill her again. Suddenly, somebody burst into the room, distracting the Shape for a moment. The sheriff recognized him immediately as David. The latter however didn't know what to do now, so the sheriff decided to do the talking.

"Hey asshole!" he shouted to the Shape, who turned to look at him, "You wanna kill someone, better take me!"

Becky started pleading him not to do this, but the sheriff didn't listen: "I should've watched those kids better, but I didn't! Wanna punish someone? Take me!"

The Shape looked at the two, then back to the sheriff. That's when he decided to go for the sheriff.

"Daddy, no!" Becky begged.

"David, get her outta here!" the sheriff shouted.

David, realizing there wasn't much else he could do. He picked Becky up and dragged her out of the room. The Shape had moved himself closer to the sheriff, not being able to fully understand why he (the sheriff) found it necessary to take something out of his vest-pocket.

The sheriff raised what he took out of his pocket, which turned out to be a lighter, and said: "Want me... to go? I'm... taking you... with me!"

David had dragged Becky a little way from the room. Luckily for them, he made it far enough, as the there was suddenly an explosion. Out of reflex, he fell down, covering Becky using himself as a shield. Whether that was on purpose or not, neither one of them really knew. Fact remained that Becky saw something flying away from the explosion. It was as big as a man, but it could have been something else. Once the worst was over, David decided to get up.

"You all right?" he asked.

Still shocked, Becky merely nodded. When she looked at that which flew away, she noticed it was moving, and slowly getting back to it's feet. The Shape is still alive! David saw it too, but couldn't do

anything. One way was a dead end, the other went directly to the Shape. Also, a large chunk of the hallway had caught fire, so there was no chance for them to find a save way out. There was nowhere they could go! And the Shape knew it! He stretched out his arms as he moved himself closer to them. Unfortunately for him, he hadn't recovered from any of his bullet-wounds, and the combination of that plus a new one and the fire, it was enough for him to weaken and fall down, allowing the flames to take the best of him.

Once he was down, both Becky and David sighed in relief. They looked at each other, after which they wrapped their arms around each other.

"It was the boogeyman." Becky whispered.

"As a matter of fact..." David sighed, "... it was."

THE END

End
file.